GOODWISE FIX

VOL. XXII. [Twelfth Year]

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SEPTEMBER 13, 1913

[5 Cents the Copy] No. 22

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

Including postage in the United States, Canada, and Mexico, \$2.00 per year. \$1.25 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.50 per year.

Single copies, 5 cents.

Payment should be made by Check, Money Order or Registered Letter, psyable to Goodwin's Weekly.

Address all communications to Goodwin's Weekly.

Entered at the Postomor at Salt Lake City, Utah,

P. O. Box 1253.
Telephone, Wasatch 2007.
513 Pelt Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.
The Goodwin's Weekly Publishing Company.

Leroy ARMSTRONG

Editor

HAVE IT OVER WITH

Congress has enacted a new tariff-almost a straight free-trade tariff. The effect of that policy on the industries of the nation will be bad enough. The needless delay has been immeasurably worse. Here it is almost mid-September. Congress has been in session all summer. The result could have been as easily secured six months ago as today.

Gentlemen with apendicitis may dread the knife, but they will-being convinced that the surgeons have decided on an operation-prefer instant action to distracting delay.

The loss of revenue will be large; but the loss of business men through the tiresome time-destruction of the past summer has been many times greater. The injury to American enterprise, the loss to labor, the enforced readjustment of activities and of processes will be severe. But nothing can equal the damage done by delay.

The currency bill remains. The Democrats have the power. They know what they want. They know what that new law is going to be. In the name of a troubled yet patient nation, have it over with.

Pass the laws-and quit!

When their would'at have me go with thee, O Death, Over the utmost verge, to the dim place, Practice upon me with no armorous grace Of fawning lips, and words of delicate breath. carious quaic thy lute uttereth; Nor think for me there must be soughtout ways Of cloud and terror; have we many days
Sofourned together, and is this thy faith?
Nay, he there plainness 'twixt us; come to me
Even as thou art, O brother of my soul; Hold thy hand out and I will place mine there; Hold thy hand out and t the lines.

I trust thy mouth's inscrutable frony.

And dare to lay my forehead where the whole Shadow lies deep of thy purpureal hair.

—EDWARD DOWDEY.

THE MEANING OF THE MAINE ELECTION.

Folks are very much like human beings. Like causes in like conditions produce like results. The people of Maine are much like people in other sections of the country. The congressional election of last Monday proves the living strength of the Republican party. It is a suggestive tip to gentlemanly manufacturers of new parties that a going concern is stronger than a prospect. It may be interpreted as a rebuke to alleged politicians who always have wanted to be captains, but never have had the ability to persuade the people to give them commis-

It isn't necessarily a rebuke to President Wilson's administration. That district is Republican. No one was looking to it for an in-

She turned from others who possessed Fair talents and high aspirations; With but one purpose in her breast, She scorned their earnest protestations; They said she throw herself away, They spoke her name a trifle sadiy,

But caring not what they might say, she spoiled her life, and did it gladly.

Believing him a god, she turned From these who would have served her kindly.

She heard their pleas, and, unconcerned,
Went downward to disaster blindly;

She might have inertied esteem

And sweetly graced a lofty station, But, dreaming the old futile dream, She blithely hurried to dampation.

She learned too fate that they were wise Who had endeavored to dissuade her; She saw the cvil in his eyes

Who thought it manly to degrade her. They coldly hade her pay her debt. But he was welcomed as a brother, And calmly given leave to get His tentacles upon another.

-H. E. KISER.

dersement of national Democratic policy. No one made it "a prince and a judge over us."

But it is a confession that the mid-summer madness of the proffessional progressives is without foundation or hope. Not a jot of good in government demanded by the new party but is bred in the bone and strong in the blood of the Republican party. Not a reform demanded by shifty orators of the new but is ingrained in the spirit and the mission of the old. And before the "progressive" manager's excuse-that he "had no money"-can be accepted the electorate of Maine must be convicted of willing and waiting corruption.

And there should be no pluming of feathers

by stiff-necked gentlemen in the old organization, either. The Monday election in Maine doesn't by any manner of means declare that "No Thoroughfare" signs can be safely set in the public highways. There has been too much perverse and gratuitous insistence on the standpat policy; too much sheer stubbornness; far too much mulish refusal to go forward-and for no better reason than the mule's. It isn't in keeping with the traditions of the party. It isn't in fulfillment of the pledge made by the party's founders, indersed by the party's leaders through more than half a century, and sanctified and blest by the party's triumphs in the progress of this nation.

The successful candidate there in Maine is right. The result of the election means Republican party progress. That means progress for the United States of America. It means advancement for the world. It means betterment for the race, now and through all the future.

Here in the early days of the Twentfeeth Century comes once more-perhaps for the last time on earth-the question: Can a great nation be successfully directed by the mass-meeting plan? Is not representative government a better system for a hundred million people? Democratic dominance makes the answer doubtful. The result in Maine brings encouraging hope that serious purpose and capable control again will be the order of the day.

The mob shall not rule. Clamor can not change conditions. God's in His Heaven. All's well with the world.

IN FOREIGN STYLE.

The following advertisements appear in a recent number of the Liverpool Mercury, and may give the Weekly's readers an idea of the fashion of the "classified ads" in a concentional British paper:

Experienced General Wanted, age about 25; good wave; no washing-"Heathlea," Ashton-under-Lyne,

Sea.—Sea Outfits.—Parents and Guardians who intend sending their boys to sea, and who live at a distance from Liverpool, should in the first place, communicate with the Don, Lord-street, and get their Detailed List of Apprentices' Sea Outfits; or if in town, call and examine the goods displayed in their shipping department. Being manufacturers, complete outfits can be had at wholesaie prices and ranging from £7, £10, £15, £20 upwards.—Price lists and full particulars will be sent post free on application to the Shipping Department, the Don Asso-